le faith and heard hel twilight, full of rest have drunk that slumber Into my soul and then to live g that singes babehand o'erfor this if nothing more Beep thanks I give

TRAMP'S

BY PRIES M'ARTHUR.

[Copyright, 1900, by P. McArthur.] After all, Harry Benton was not so much to blame as his wearied friends and relatives thought he was. He had been spoiled as a child and as a boy, so it nat-

urally followed that he was an entirely unhappy young man. His college education made him feel that he was above doing drudgery, and as he had never learned self denial or patience he could not endure such work as he was fitted for. In consequence he looked to his friends and relatives for help until they wearied of lending money and using their influence to get him positions that he either could or would not hold. And he, instead of being thankful for what had been done for him, thought himself abused because there was no great and good

friend who would make life easy for him At last a family council was held at which it was decided that the only thing for Harry to do was to go west and grow np with the country. Some one knew a ranchman who would give him employ ment, and a purse was made up to send Harry west. He took to the scheme enthusiastically and imagined for himself a glorious career of hunting big game and living the wild free life of the plains. He had read fascinating stories of cowboy life and remembered how much he had enjoyed camping out during his college So he felt quite satisfied regarding his future when his friends pro-vided him with what he needed and started him on his journey. He did not realize that they were simply applying the old maxim that says, "Make a bridge of gold for a flying enemy." He did not know that every one who felt any interest in his welfare or felt any responsibil ity regarding him heaved a mighty sigh relief when they saw that he was

really gone.
"Perhaps he'll get wakened up out there," they said to one another. "Anyway, he is off our hands." And they all sighed again.

Harry reached the ranch in safety and promptly began to make discoveries with alarming rapidity. To begin with, he found that the business instinct prevails on the modern ranch as much as it does on Broadway. Ranches are now run for the purpose of raising beef that must be carefully attended to from the veal stage until the time when it is shipped east to the big slaughter houses if the ranchman wishes to make a profit. So Harry found himself called upon to harder and more menial service than had ever fallen to his lot before. And as he took no pains to conceal his dislike for the work he immediately became the butt of the ranch. Every trick known to the practical humorists of the plains was tried on the spoiled boy from the east until his life became unendurable and his disposition was such that instead of bearing it all good naturedly and making friends with the plainsmen he became imbittered and consequently was hazed more unmercifully than ever. When he had endured this life as long as he could, he finally sat down and wrote to each old friend in the east who might be expected to belp him, asking for enough money to take him back home. He wrote letters that would draw tears from a stone, but, strange to say, they only made his old friends shrug their shoulders and murmur something that sounded suspi ciously like "root bog or die." asked that the money be sent to him at the nearest postoffice on the railroad, and when a sufficient time had elapsed for the replies to be due he got up early one morning and ran away from the ranch. It was 60 miles to the station and postoffice, but he was young and strong and he covered the distance without accumulating more than the usual number of water blisters.

Although he did not know the fact at first, he learned after his arrival that it



"WELL, WHAT IS THE MATTER?" was Thankagiving day, and his first im-pulse was to feel thankful at the thought that he was about to be emancipated from the drudgery and slavery of the ranch. But these thoughts were dissi-pated as soon as he got his mail. He got alf a dopen letters, but there was not a gistered one in the bunch. But advice! bere were pages on pages of the very

Bolls! Bolls! Dolls!

best of advice. Again and again be was advised to grow up with the country and told how foolish it would be of him to return to the overpopulated east. When he had read the last letter of the interesting collection, he tore them into shreds and left the office in a fury. To see that the people he passed on the street were in holiday attire and to hear the ringing of the church bells made him frantic. He was in the mood to curse every one he met, but knew from experience that promiscuous cursing west of the Mississippi is likely to cause trouble. So he confined himself to cursing inwardly all the friends he had ever had. And whenever

he remembered that it was Thanksgiving

day he laughed wildly and then returned

Naturally he was not fit to associate with any one when in such a mood, and he rushed out of the little town as if it were peopled with demons instead of the usual mixture of good and bad fellow mortals. Tired and footsore as he was, he was so lashed by his anger that he burried away along the rallway track as if he had a purpose in life instead of being atterly hopeless. He had walked miles and miles before he began to calm down, and then he noticed that he was passing through one of those desolate reaches where an arm of the great desert stretches out through the fertile plains. But the desolute, barren landscape ac-corded well with his state of mind. He felt that he hated all mankind, and this inhospitable region seemed admirably suited to a misanthrope. But as the false energy of his anger began to die down be began to weakly pity himself and think his hand and ran ahead. When he reach-himself the most abused being in all the ed the door, he heard her telling Elsie The loneliness grew upon him, and in his wretchedness the tears came to his eyes, and he almost cried aloud, for, after all, he was little more

At last he felt so weak and tired that he sat down on the side of the track and wished that he might die out in this desert. Although he still had some of the food left that he had taken with him from the ranch, he could not eat. While he sat there brooding on his misery the Thanksgiving day sun began to get low in the west. But at last his bitter reverie was broken by a sound that recurred



THE LOOR WAS FLUNG OPEN.

regularly and gradually came nearer. At first he thought it was the cry of some bird or beast, but at last it became dis tinct and unmistakable.
"Daddy! Daddy!" And each time the

call was followed by a pitiful wail. To hear a human voice in the midst of this desolution was surprising, but that the voice should be that of a child was incredible. At last a half clad little girl ran out from among the bushes that skirted the railway track and once more cried piteously:

It was all right to hate all mankind, but to hate a little child was different. And he was so miserable that he could not help feeling sympathy.
"What is the matter?" he asked, rising

"Daddy! Daddy!"

to his feet. The little girl stopped crying from sheer terror and backed away toward the bushes. "Well, what is the matter?" he asked

"I want my daddy," she whimpered and started to cry again. "Where is your daddy?" he asked in the most conxing voice he could assume.
"He's losted. Elsie and I want bim.

And we's afwaid of twamps." Harry felt his face flaming with a blash of shame. For the first time he realized how low he had sunk. He was nothing more than a tramp. It was almost a minute before he could speak, and when he did his voice broke with a

"Can't I help-help you to find your With the quick tuition of childhood the little girl saw that she had nothing to fear, and she came toward him.

"Daddy has gone away, and Elsie and I are hungry," she said. "But where is your mother?" "She's sleeping away over dere under the big tree," and the little girl pointed toward a scrub tree that looked big on a

landscape of bushes. "Sleeping?" "Yes; and daddy says if we are good we'll see her some day."

He understood instantly, and then he "But where is Elsie?"

"She is in the house, and she is crying "Will you take me to Elsle?"
The little girl looked at him doubtful-

ly; then she took the hand he stretched

To remove a troublesome corn or complete stock of dolls ever shown in Alamogordo. There are dolls of all sizes and varieties. Public inspection is invited. Bring the little ones to see them.

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Wanted to rent—Small house.

Gled thanks I give this, it nothing more to have been a tameless boy. Wild as the hughing wind that which Blossoms and birds in madeap joy-Just to have lossed my tousled curls At modish laws and then to live Conning that fearless boyhood o'er-For this, for this, if nothing more. Glad thanks I give. - 4 March Bank of Mar



toward her. She led him to a path than two hours. All trains stop, at the through the bushes, and as they walked along she told him that after giving them breakfast her daddy had gone away to get them "T'anksgiving" and had not come back. Presently they reached a little clearing in which stood a rough board house. The spot was evidently an oasis in the desert that had been clear-ed for a farm. In one of the fields there were several cows and a couple of horses that whinnied as they saw him. It sounded like a welcome. Then they began to hear Elsie crying. The little girl let go that "a real nice tramp was coming to take care of them and get them some-thing to eat." Again his face flamed with blushes, but he entered and began to search for food. In a little box cup-board he found a pan of milk and some

bread, and he immediately took down the dishes and prepared them something to eat. While they are he made friends with them, and his own hunger returned to him. He drank some of the milk and ate some of the bread, and that only made him more hungry. At last the older girl, who had told him that her name g to cook them for their "T'anksgiving" and make doughboys, but that he had gone away to get them more "T'anksgiving." But the memory of their daddy started them both crying again, and Harry hastened to comfort them. He told them that he could cook the chickens and make doughboys and that then their daddy would come back to them again. So he lit the fire in the stove and put the chickens in a pot to cook. They showed him where the spring was, and he brought in a pail of water and after finding the flour and soda be gan to make the doughboys which they evidently thought the greatest luxury in the world. His experience as a holiday camper stood him in good stead. While

he worked the children talked to him. "You are a nice twamp, ain't you?" Aggie volunteered as she became more

"Yes, yes. But don't talk about it. What kind of a man is your daddy? "He's just the best man," said Aggie declaively. "He made us that windmill on top of the bouse."

But at the mention of her daddy Elsie began to cry again, and Harry had his own private opinion of a man who could leave two babies of 4 and 6 years of age alone in a shack on the desert.

It was after nightfall before the chickens were cooked and the doughhoys were perfect. Harry set the table and washed the two tear stained faces, and they all sat down to their Thanksgiving dinner. But when he started to serve Aggie ex-

"Elsie basn't said grace yet!" They all bowed their heads, and the childish little voice babbled a prayer for a blessing on the mercies set before them. From that moment Harry felt no disquietude about the home coming of the

father. He helped the children liberally to the food while he kept them interested with lively talk, and then when they were satissied he took them both on his knees and told them stories until they fell asleep. Then he put them both to bed and sat down to wait for their father. He was so taken up with the thought of the chil dren and with wondering what could have happened to their father that he bad no thought of his own troubles. Hour after bour passed, and be was beginning to doze away with weariness when he heard a rapidly approaching footstep. A moment later the door was flung open and a wildly disheveled and travel stained man rushed in.

"Where are my babies?" be cried.
"There in the bed," said Harry. "Thank God!" the man exclaimed fer vently as he sank into a chair. He asked

no questions about Harry's presence, but Harry immediately explained. "May God bless you," the father ex-claimed. "I feel that you have saved their lives and mine too." Then he told how he had left to go down to the nearest village to get some things for their Thanksgiving dinner. Instead of taking his team as he should have done he had gone to the railway crossing balf a mile distant to take the morning express. By doing so be could have half an hour in

the village and then take the return ex-

press to the crossing, being gone less

era and Diarrhoea Remedy and find it to be a great medicine," says Mr. E. S. Stomach and Liver Tablets. They will cleanse your stomach, tone up your liver of bloodly flux. I cannot speak to highly of it." This remedy always wins the good opinion, if not praise, of these stores. "I have used Chambertain's Colic Cholgood opinion, if not praise, of those & Co.

crossing, and he did not notice until after he had climbed aboard that the train he had boarded was a swift special, and it did not stop until it reached a station 50 miles away. They passed the train he intended to take on his return at a way station, and as there was no train coming that way before next morning he had walked and run the whole 50 miles back since morning. All the way he was tortured by the thought that when his babies got lonely they would wander out to hunt for him and get lost. And he thanked Harry again with overflowing grati-

While the starved man was eating what remained of the Thanksgiving dinner he explained how he had moved out to that desolate place in the hope that a town would grow up around the crossing and how his wife had died. Finally the two tired men went to bed, and for the first time in his life Harry felt his heart filled with a spirit of thankfulness, al though on that very morning he had felt all the misery of bitterness against the whole world. He had learned that happiness comes not from the kindness that others do to us, but from the kindness was Aggie, showed him a couple of that we do to others. For the first time prairie chickens that had been dressed as in his life he realized that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and that first Thanksgiving day that h ever celebrated in the true spirit.

TURKEY AND PLUM PUDDING

A Thanksgiving Layout With a Foot-



turkeyor Thanksgiving day does not cele brate the day at all is an argument that no more needs elaboration than r pair of white canvas shoes need a patent

leather shine. There is no substitute for turkey. Caper gracefully over the entire gamut of food, look carefully and dispassionately through the calen dar of tidbits, consult thoughtfully and reflectively the enchiridion of all that causes joy as it annexes the inner man and you will find that roast turkey never had and never will have an understudy It stands alone, like the American eagle with whom it collaborates for the gen eral glory of the land of the free. I may not be a graceful thing to say that the city bookkeeper who was raised on a farm and whose people are still bobbing buoyantly over the choppy sea of the potato patch returns to the paternal roof tree for the purpose of eating roast tur key on Thanksgiving day. And yet he would not be so happy if eating, for in-



A THANKSGIVING COAT OF ARMS. stance, canned corned beef at the pater nal board. Consequently it cannot be denied that the turkey has a rare mag netic influence that belongs to it and clings to it quite as tenaciously as does the onion's razor backed scent to the onion eater who would cast it rudely off. And it is this magnetic influence that, say what you will, does a great deal to ward luring him back to the scenes of his youth, where he milked the knock aneed Alderney to a finish when the east was effulgent with the kiss of dawn and the pancakes glimmered like the

.When you feel that life is hardly wort!

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ALAMOGORDO . . NEW MEXICO

Sweet thanks I give For this, if nothing more: lust to have loved a little maid. Coy as the dainty pink-white flow Hidden away in a tangled glade-Just to have learned the wondroug power Of joy and pain and then to live Sighing the love song o'er and o'er For this, for this, if nothing more, w Glad thanks I give.

golden wheels of Phœbus whirling through the ambient gate of day. The football is another Thanksgiving institution which seems to fit the day be enuse of its resemblance to a plum pudding-not a canned plum pudding, but one of these rotund, clock faced plum puddings that beam upon you like old friends and are eloquent in every raisin and soulful in every plum. A good coat of arms for Thanksgiving day would be the gobbler lying upon his back upon the dish with a plum pudding shaped ovally like a football in its feet as if about to spin it as a circus acrobat does a barrel on his feet. It is a great pity that the turkey cannot feel the Thanksgiving joy that he supplies with so lavish a generosity Headless and footless and with artificial internals, he is a melody and a dream from the wrapper to the very core. And now he is roosting on the bough lost in sweet forgetfulness and flitting in spirit over the playground of memory. The crisp wind causes the leaves to rustle weirdly, but he notes not this music that seems to come from the heart of nature. He sees the rosy apples dotting the sward ever and anon, and when he nods his classic head and his wattles clash like a pair of cymbals he continues to look as peering across the pensive fields through the curtains of the past. Lucky for him that he doesn't look into the fu ture and see himself the cynosure of all eyes and mouths, the center of the family circle whose smallest members are waiting patiently to break his frail and fragile wishbone while awaiting the ap-

earance of the plum pudding. That the turkey is the sole proprietor of Thanksgiving day there can be no doubt. Thanksgiving day was not made to give him a reason for existence, but he was probably hatched into the world to make a proper excuse for the invention of this grand American holiday, which was patented at Plymouth in 1620 and is still paying handsome royalties to the

many descendants of its creator, R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

A PHILOSOPHER'S THANKSCIVING A thankful spirit every man

And those who have a working plan That other folks might emulate

Should let their light in public shine; So humbly I uncover mine.

I think it very commonplace To thank for blessings I have got And feel it shows a better grace To thank for things that I have not; Because of what I do without.

When there's a thing I cannot get, I'm thankful that I cannot get it, For when one's ways of life are se New things are likely to upset it; And frugal fare and quiet ways Most merit philosophic praise



And forced to bear a nation's worries Nor head of a commercial ring, The victim of financial flurries That I must beg from door to door I'm thankful that I haven't got

To work too hard for daily bread And thankful no one yet has sought To change my hour of learing bed By giving me an eight hour day Through which to toll to earn my pay.

I'm thankful I escaped the craze For nerves, appendicitis, golf; While walking in unnoted ways I've missed each literary fad,



To nourish weeds and yearly taxes, I'm thankful I've no stock on hand That daily wanes and seldom waxes, And, though I've but a slender purs empty one would be still worse

But think not like the Pharisee I'm thankful I am not like others; The simple fact is I agree

With men I meet as with my brothers.

For this I'm thankful, but I guess P. MAGRUDES





The Gentlemens' Resort lak for "Tommy's Shop." Porter and Box black siways in attendance.

BUMMER'S BIRD

BY THE REGIMENTAL HISTORIAN.

If the United States government had lesged rations of turkey, plum pudding and cranber#v sauce. Jake Ardun would have foraged for his Thanksgiving feast just the same. Jake's capacity as a forager astonished the regiment, for even when campaigning in those war devastated regions of Virginia which the crows had learned to avoid he managed always to find a savory joint for his mess pot, and the officers themselves would often have gladly dined off the upturned cracker box in Jake's dog tent.

Now Thanksgiving day was coming. and the bummer must have his feast. No



"SEE BIM STAGGER?" use to roam the country and brave the guerrillas in search of native birds to grace the Thanksgiving board. Jake knew better. He scented game nearer

quarters was an unenlisted attache wh in a small way acted as purveyor for the headquarters mess. The officers were always ready to pay handsomely for any special delicacy he could provide. He was a foreigner, more greedy than cute and the occasion of no little amusement for the officers and men. On one of his trip north in the summer he brought back three or four young turkeys to raise on apeculation. When the army traveled, the coop was strapped behind a baggage wagon or in a pinch on the back of a

mule which the thrifty fellow had picked up outside the lines. Jake and the purveyor, whose sur name. Small, was an exact definition of his stature and character, were cronies for revenue only. Jake often gathered surplus on his raids, and Small relieved him of it at a mutual profit. By the use of flattery thickly laid on the bummer acquired a prospective interest in the young turkeys. It was a great scheme, he said, and he would help it out by giving points on the care of the birds unturks he struck up an acquaintance, and

it was soon known as Jake's pet. Every praise for his long headedness tickled Small, whom the officers affected to tolerate in camp. November was upon us well into the second week. Corn was plenty in our camps at Falmouth, and the birds were growing fat. Jake was on hand daily to feed his pet from his own hand. Sunday found him putting in his leisure at Small's quarters, where the turkeys were under the eyes of the stable guards

"Here's a bad sign. See his stagger?"
"Why, he has done that before." "So much the worse. I noticed it, bu didn't want to scare you. The bird has the blind staggers.

sundown, when giving his pet the even-

ing feed, he said to Small:

the rest.'

"That's a horse disease." "Turkeys get it, too; them from Mary land, where you got these." "Do they die from it like horses?" ask-

ed Small in nlarm. "Yes, and what is more it is catching with turkeys. You rany lose the lot." "Then I'd better kill this one and save

"No, don't do that here. The scent of the blood will infect the others. When it is dark, let me take him in a bag and tie s stone to it and sink him in the river. Meanwhile you move the rest off this ground to the other side of the stables." Jake took the pet to the river and tied among the trees and vines along shore. he may have business relations.

The corn which he fed liberally was

E. G. ROBINSON. thrown on the ground, and, being free from whisky, the "staggers" at once disappeared. A party of amazed fellow summers were entertained in the cave on Thanksgiving day, and there was a banquet at headquarters on the turks which Jake's good offices had saved for the oc-Of course Small said nothing

Notice for Publication

then of the "staggers" for fear of spoil-

ing his long looked for profit. One turkey "had up and died" suddenly, that was all.

Notice for Publication.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, LAND OFFICE AT ROSWELL, N. M.,

Cottober 22, 1900.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof, will be made before the Register or Receiver at Roswell, N. M., on December 8th, 1900, viz: William T. Bowman Homestead application No. 875, for the SW & Sec. 15, Tp. 17 S., R. 21 E.

Be names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and caltivation of said land, viz:

John A. Beckett, Jamea M. Milton, Andrew W. Johnson and John C. Gage all of Hops, N. M.

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DIPLOMAS; GIVEN GRADUATES and POSITIONS SECURED.

As Showing the Responsibility and Reli-ability of the Missouri Shorthand College, Reference Letters Regarding John H. Schofield, Principal are Herewith Published.

Prof. E. Benjamin Andrews, now Chancellor of Nebraska University, and eceptly Superintendent of the Chicago chools, comments on his character and ability as follows; Board of Education

Office Superintendent of Schools Schiller Building Chicago, Feb. 21, 1900. Mr. John H. Schoffeld is well and fav-

rably known to me as the successful director of a large shorthand college in Providence, R. I. I consider him not only one of the most expert shorthand writers whom I have ever known, but also an upright, honorable and perfectly trustworthy gentleman. E. BENJ, ANDREWS.

Commenting on Mr. Schofield's ability und character, President E. G. Robinn, of Brown University, Providence L. I., contributes the following: Brown University, Providence, R. I.

for years as stenographic reporter for he Providence Journal. His work has given special satisfaction to all parties oncerned. His character as a Christian zentleman has also commanded respect a stone to it. But the stone had a long and I take pleasure in commending him tether string and was not thrown into the to the confidence and good will of all river, but anchored in a cave hidden with whom he may meet or with whom E. G. ROBINSON.

President Brown University.

Brother Fabrican, of La Salle College, hiladelphia, Pa., adds the following testimonial:

La Salle College, Philadelphia, Pa. Mr. John H. Schofild: My Dear Sir.— It gives me much pleasure in saying a limely word to bear witness to your character as an man, and your ability as a journalist and shorthand writer. hope and pray that your efforts, in whatever channel you may choose to direct them, will be rewarded with the measure of success which your talents, your energy and your accomplishments must win. You are, however, too well and favorably known to need this note or recognition from your very sincere and devoted friend.

Address for particulars.

BRO. FABRICAN.